

Camp Colt

By Sollace



[M] [Sex] [Kettle Corn] [Romance] [Porn] [Slice of Life] [Foalcon]

When a new camp opens outside town to help young fillies struggling to find their talents, Kettle Corn couldn't be more elated. Her parents, especially, were more than enthusiastic to sign their filly up first in line for anything that would help her get her cutie mark if it meant seeing her finally happy again.

So of course, she was the first on the bus out to stay at Camp Colt.

This was perfect for her.

A weekend away from town, sleeping in the scenic Coltalayan Park, with oversight from the famous Cutie Mark Crusaders? No distractions. It's just her and around forty other school-age colts and fillies experimenting together to find their special talents. What could possibly go wrong?

Warnings: Contains Foalcon, M/F, M/F/M, creampie, references to heat and estrus, irresponsible parenting, and a very naughty filly

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Part 1: The Arrival

The bus was humming with a low rumble, and the brakes creaked and ground as it finally rounded the top of the hill and rolled into the clearing in front of the camp grounds. The bus's brakes hissed as it rolled to a gradual halt.

Kettle Corn's eyes slowly fluttered and cracked open, before snapping shut again and blocking out the sun's light—Her head was still light and groggy from having such an early start, and her muscles were stiff from having to sit in the same position for what felt like hours.

She shifted slightly under her blanket, grumbling in her sleep. "J-Just five more minutes, mrrrms..." She smacked her lips, nose wrinkling slightly as she pulled the cover closer over her haunches. Kettle was leaning against the wall of the bus, with her cheek pressed up on the cool glass. Her ponytails were still tied up the way she'd done them last night, and underneath the blanket her clothes were feeling uncomfortable and restrictive, however she was warm.

Even as the rest of the bus started to move around her—the colts in the row behind her got up and were chatting loudly about video games in her left ear, which caused her to squeeze her eyes shut even tighter and flop her ears down to preserve her sleep just a little bit longer.

"Come on, Skeedaddle—" A brown colt huffed, a smirk on his chin as he slugged the pony next to him in the shoulder. "You *have* to tell me you're going to play Neigh of the Wild as soon as you get back. It's, like, the game of the year! Luna Gaming gave it a 15 out of 10! You *know* it's good!"

The other colt—Kettle Corn presumed his name must be Skeedaddle, merely shrugged, suppressing an awkward laugh as side-stepped out into the aisle to get his suitcase from the overhead shelf. "I, uh, sure, I guess?" he said.

The suitcase levitated down, making a loud creaking and scratching noise that only made Kettle's brow wrinkle as she tried to block out the noise.

"I don't really know, Button. I'm not a gamer like y—"

The bus was filled by a collective "Gasp!" as the bus's doors hissed and cracked open with a clack—and the resulting clack of hooves and the booming, raspy, voice of a familiar filly was all that was needed to snap Kettle Corn out of her groggy bought of laziness.

"Ten hut, Fillies!"

Scotaloo boomed as she leapt onto the bus—Kettle Corn just nearly jumped out of her skin. Fully awake and aware of where she was, she jolted upright, almost falling right out of her seat as her eyes darted around—immediately joining in on the others as they converged on the orange filly trotting, half skipping as she fluttered her wings, up right rows of the bus.

She was brandishing a clipboard and pair of sunglasses that were *most definitely* too big for her as Scootaloo eyed up the new recruits. Her cutie mark—same as the other Crusaders, with that distinctive shield and loyalty wing were on full display, practically shimmering with how new it seemed as she strutted through the bus drawing attention everywhere she went.

“Welcome, welcome. Come on, fillies, let’s get a move on!” Scootaloo rasped. It sounded like she’d been practising this all morning—and right now she was *nailed it*. “We’ve got to get you all settled and breakfast is in an hour, so—” She glanced at her clipboard for a second before arriving at Kettle’s row.

Scootaloo turned to look down at her from under the gigantic sunglasses and Kettle Corn couldn’t help but stare with wide eyes, her eyes growing wide as dinner plates. As she came face-to-face with one of the legendary *Cutie Mark Crusaders*, she somehow felt small, lying crooked with her back against the window and holding onto the blue and orange blanket with embroidered mini scooters and wonderbolts over her.

Scootaloo smirked, and Kettle could have sworn she saw the filly’s eyes sizing her up. “Awesome blanket, squirt,” she said, “That yours?”

Her mouth opened and closed slightly as she worked up the courage to speak. She could barely form out a full sentence, andstead nodded sheepishly, eyes focused on Scootaloo—*The* Scootaloo—as she said: “Uuuh... huh.”

Scootaloo hummed, smiling. She pushed the sunglasses back up on the bridge of her nose and turned around, starting back up to the front of the bus. “Nice,” she said.

She could feel her cheeks burning red as she watched Scootaloo trotting away and out of sight. Not too long after, she was made the centre of attention as several eyes, including those of Skeedaddle and Button from the row behind, turned her way.

“Woah,” one of them said. “Scootaloo spoke to you.”

“Scootaloo *complimented* her!”

“That’s so *awesome*!”

“I bet she’s going to get her cutie mark *really soon*!”

“H-How does it feel?” she heard another colt ask, and turned her eyes to the source of the voice only to lock eyes with Skeedaddle. The colt immediately blushed upon seeing her staring and averted his gaze—rubbing a hoof behind his head as he did so.

It was already too late when Kettle realised, she was still staring and averted her own gaze—though nothing could stop her blush from deepening.

Why was the bus suddenly so hot all of a sudden?

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The fillies' cabin was a little shanty on the edge of the forest neatly slotted in between the mess hall and the docks, with a view of the lake to the south—Kettle Corn's left as she approached the door from the front—with the colt's cabin behind her, opposite the flagpole in the middle of the camp and the mess hall on her right.

Kettle Corn slugged her suitcase with her as she pulled it up the first few steps to the screen door on the front of the cabin—She was sweating and her brow was dripping as she panted and huffed—“Come...on...!” Gritting her teeth and putting her back into it, she flexed her spine and lifted the suitcase with all of her might.

The giant bag wobbled on the corner of the step before sliding up just enough. Kettle's whole body slid back with the weight of the suitcase as it finally crested the edge and slumped with its weight against the floorboards.

Leaving the suitcase to sit where it was, she took a step back to wipe her brow—huffing as she admired the results of her hard work. She was sweating and sticky all over, and the heat of the sun spilling over her from the edge of the veranda wasn't helping very much.

Across from her, at the boy's cabin—The shouting of other colts could be heard as they unshuffled their baggage from the bus, and her ears twitched, pulling away from the annoying din. At the entrance to the cabin, she couldn't help but stare as the lanky colt from before. What was his name?

Her brow furrowed.

Skeedaddle.

Skeedaddle was lugging a suitcase similar to hers up the same kind of steps—It was almost like looking in a mirror, except of course he was a colt with a different colour of coat, and a very handsome, scruffy mane. The pale blue was a definitive contrast to her lively peach, and his mane, short-cut and messy was nothing like her cute pigtails.

As Skeedaddle moved around his suitcase pulling and pushing, she momentarily got a glimpse of his behind—small and pert. His tail was cut short, which of course left very little to the imagination. Kettle Corn felt her mouth-watering as she stared at the colt on display from a distance. His balls twitched as his thighs rippled with every step he made back and forth, heaving and pushing at the suitcase.

The sweat on his coat made it glisten, and Kettle Corn nonchalantly flipped her mane with a hoof, wrapping the right ponytail around the tip of her frog as she played with it—

She didn't immediately notice, but as soon as Kettle Corn saw Skeedaddle looking back at her she averted her gaze, finding the dock—dock—the *deck's* floorboards suddenly infinitely more interesting.

Her cheeks burned blushing slightly, and she felt the unusual feeling in her belly that her mother had warned her about—it was like a hot furnace burning in the pit of her stomach, and she was sweating, expect the sweat felt thick and extremely warm as it trailed down the insides of her legs.

Mother of Luna, all mighty Night Mother was this 'heat' thing annoying.

Her tail had started to flag again so Kettle immediately clamped it back between her legs, and turned to busy herself with looking at her suitcase again and flipping the zippers.

Once the sensation started to subside and her breathing slowed, she was finally able to relax and look up again—Skeedaddle had walked away, and she presumed he had gone inside to get help with his suitcase, given the bag was still sitting in exactly the same place as before, wedge between the middle and upper step blocking entry to anypony else trying to get through.

In fact, there were already at least three other colts lining up at the door above the steps, waiting for somepony to come and move the suitcase so they could get through—one of them even attempted to climb over it, before being swatted on the ear by his senior.

Kettle Corn snickered. *Colts*.

"Okay, Kettle..." She huffed and took a deep breath, letting her dock muscles relax. Her tail flagged again, but it twitched and quickly righted itself, lying flat again with the hairs covering her marehood nicely. However sticky and wet they were, no pony would notice so long as she could keep her tail down, at least. "Just a bit further," she assured herself. Then a shower. A nice *very* long *very* cold shower.

Grabbing onto the suitcase with her mouth, Kettle Corn heaved it behind her as she bucked the screen door open.

Part 2: How much is that cute colt in the window?

The screen door creaked and shuddered. There was a loud scraping and small jingling of a bell that announced her arrival as it pulled against the wooden floor boards where it didn't quite match with the incline. The floor had been marred with a semi-circle of scratches, a clear history of abuse from every time somepony had opened and closed this door.

Grunting and wheezing, and Kettle Corn trotted backwards through the entranceway, dragging the suitcase with the strap between her teeth. It was with a huff of hot air through her nose, that she let the tassel drop and straightened her back, wiping the beads of sweat from her brow.

There was a loud chattering as she entered that quickly died down as the small group of ponies present put a bookmark in their conversations to look over at the new arrival—Kettle Corn turned around, putting the suitcase to her back and leaning with her barrel against it as she caught her breath.

From her vantage point, she was in the perfect spot to catch the various glances and pairs of ears that shot her way from across the room—albeit there were only a few fillies present. A pink and berry coloured foal in the back had just ducked out of view through a side-door, what she presumed would be the bathroom, whilst any other foals in the room only looked at her for a few more seconds before turning back to whatever it was that they were doing—some hastily digging through trunks and pulling out feathers and craft supplies, and... tree sap.

Two fillies in particular caught her attention though. One was a light blue with a yellow mane and tail and wavy locks that almost made her think of the fashion models she saw in the Canterlot magazines her mother bought. The other one was a more unassuming pinkish filly, with a white and grey mane.

They were both clearly in the middle of something, as they had taken up positions at the foot of either of their bunk beds, and were wrapped in hushed whispers and giggles, before she caught a glimpse of one of them looking her way.

The yellow filly on the left joined her friend at glancing at Kettle, then she waved, gesturing for her to approach.

Kettle Corn almost did a double-take. She glanced behind her, just to check that they weren't talking about somepony else, but only found herself and her suitcase—which she promptly gave a tug and then kicked aside so it wasn't blocking the door.

She then pressed a hoof to her chest, miming "Me?"

The yellow filly laughed and nodded, then waved her hoof, calling Kettle over. "Get over here and say 'hi', silly!"

Kettle swallowed the lump in her throat and tried her best to put on a sincere smile—unfortunately the result was to only make her feel all the more awkward as she shouted back, her voice crackling as a tensing of her flank muscles *just then* decided to make her voice hitch. “O-Okay!”

The blue filly cocked her head, looking at Kettle Corn with an odd inquisitive frown as she trotted between them, then, glancing at the nearest of the two—Kettle got a motion from the yellow filly to join her on her side.

“Hey, aren’t you that filly who’s friends with *Campmaster Scootaloo!*?” the blue one asked.

Kettle slid her butt onto the bed and almost immediately sank into the soft down. It felt like it was made of feathers, *almost*, but even worse the pressure from the soft duvet was tickling her under her tail, causing her to squirm as she tried to keep it from pressing into her more sensitive regions. She couldn’t help but wince as she rasped. “Wh—Where did you—”

The yellow filly gasped in her ear, causing Kettle Corn to jump. “Oh my Celestia!” There was a sparkle in her eyes as she leaned forward to get in closer to Kettle, who held a hoof to try and protect her personal space. “Is that true?” the yellow pony whispered.

“N-No!” Kettle Corn blurted. “Of course not!” Where did they then even *get* this idea? She’d barely even spoken to Scootaloo *once*!

“But we saw you on the bus, Everypony did!” the other foal retorted—to which the one next to Kettle Corn nodded and said, “Yeah, and we heard from Lemon Crunch that Scootaloo said she *liked* you!”

“I heard she said you were awesome.”

“And she called you ‘squirt’!”

“Well—yes, but...” Kettle Corn whined, trying to catch up with the deluge of rumours. She frowned. “She *did* call me ‘squirt’, but, like”—

“I heard she only calls ponies squirt if she—” The blue filly nudged across the isle in their direction, waggling here eyebrows in a suggestive manner.

This all only made Kettle Corn cheeks flush as she gasped— “N-No! I barely know her! I swear!”

“Suuuure you do...”

“Really!” Her voice was starting to break as she encroached on the Sweetie Belle barrier. “I’ve never met her! I was as surprised as Everypony else! How was I supposed to know that...she liked...scooters...” The absurdity of the statement only hit the moment *after* the sentence had left her mouth.

Kettle Corn was left with no other course of action but to facehoof and groan.

Both other fillies then broke out into laughter and giggles, the yellow one holding her sides as she wheezed. “Aaahaaa—She’s just messing with you,” she said, nudging a mortified Kettle Corn in the side.

“Don’t mind her.”—she thumbed a hoof across the aisle, all the while giving Kettle Corn a reassuring, swaggering smirk. “Sweet Pop here just wants to use you to get to Scootaloo.”

“Nuh uh!” Sweet Pop shouted. All semblance of her previous demeanour gone; her face contorted into a gigantic frown. “You were doing it too!”

“Yu-huh!” The blue filly stuck out her tongue, slapping the hoof away, eliciting a small giggle on Kettle Corn’s part. “You were just telling me how that was your plan!”

Sweet Pop puffed out her cheeks and went silent for a moment, simmering as she crossed her hooves. Kettle Corn wasn’t sure what to say, but no sooner had she opened her mouth to take a breath, and the other filly stuck out her tongue and blown a raspberry. She pushed back her bangs and giggled. “It’s true. Scootaloo is best pony.”

This only caused Kettle Corn to double over in laughter as the other filly continued to make faces, added to by the foal next to her that was laughing just as much if not harder. “Aaaa-haaaa-h-haaaa.... It’s—hah—all cool,” she said, taking a deep breath to stop herself from going into another giggle fit. “We’re all blank flanks. Can’t be and *not* be massive Crusaders fans, am-I-right?”

“Hehe—” Kettle’s cheeks burned red as she blushed and snickered. “Y-Yeah, I guess it’s true...”

She held out a hoof to Kettle Corn, smirking and looking as cool as she did. “Name’s Poppy Seed, by the way. Nice to meet you.”

“Oh, um. Hi” Kettle clasped the hoof and gave it a shake. “I’m Kettle Corn. So, uh...” She glanced around the cabin, taking note of the lack of other fillies—There wasn’t a lack of *luggage*, but most of the beds looked either vacant or empty, as whoever had claimed them must be outside somewhere else.

She looked back to Poppy. “How’d you find out about this camp?”

Poppy Seed hopped on the spot, emitting a short “Oh.” She glanced around herself, before flopping with her back on the bed beside Kettle Corn. “You know...” she said, rotating her hoof in the air nonchalantly. “Parents found out about it and thought ‘hey, Poppy could sure *use some help* finding her mark’, and now I’m here.”

Sweet Pop affirmed with a nod. “Mm.”

“Oh, so you...” Kettle’s brow furrowed. “...don’t actually want to be here?”

“What?” Poppy Seed laughed. “Oh, no, no, no!” She hopped back up to her hooves and trotted in place, before doing a circle and sitting like a cat on the base of the bed. Kettle Corn’s ears flicked, but her eyes remained glued to the odd filly. “This place is great! It’s not this place, it’s just...” She thought for a moment. “I didn’t *need* help finding my mark”—

Kettle Corn’s eyes almost immediately darted to the filly’s flank—she’d barely realised she was checking until after the fact, and it was all Kettle could do to keep from blushing as she realised this. “But—”

“Yeah, I get it, I know,” Poppy had obviously noticed. She rolled her eyes, looking down at Kettle corn smugly. “But the thing is,” she said, “being a blank flank is *awesome*! You get to try all kinds of different things, *experiment*, play around with what you like, and you know—*live* a little, before you’re forced to—”

She stopped suddenly, her nose scrunching and she sniffed.

Kettle Corn frowned. “Before you what?”

Sweet Pop squeaked, and Kettle Corn glanced over to her side to see the filly was blushing. She was holding her hooves over her nose as she looked left and right, obviously finding something weird. “Wh-What’s that smell?” she said.

Kettle Corn’s heart stopped—the whole room suddenly felt a whole lot smaller as she realised something—She’d *totally* forgotten, and now that she was made aware of it, she could feel the bed’s covers rubbing directly against her delicate bits. What’s more, she’d been rubbing her thighs together without realising it, something she immediately halted as she became aware of her own smell.

Kettle Corn and Poppy seed both glanced to the filly, but then her mortification grew and Poppy’s eyes slowly settled on her moments before her nose scrunched and, and Kettle heard the filly sniffing.

“Wh-” Kettle’s brow was beading with sweat as she leaned away from the two, trying without giving away that there was anything wrong. M-Maybe they’ll think it’s just from the h—*Hot weather*? “What?” Kettle asked. “What is it?”

Poppy Seed leaned over and gave Kettle Corn a long sniff, running her nose all the way up the back of her head and between her ears—The intimate touch caused Kettle’s cheeks to flush red, and that wasn’t the only thing that started to flush. “Oh my—” Poppy stated, rather matter-of-factly. “Are you *in heat*!”

“Wh-What—” Kettle Corn blanched. The blood ran from her face as her deepest fears materialised before her. She stumbled and almost fell off the edge of the bed as she scrambled to her hooves, stammering to try and cover herself up—From where she’d been sitting on the edge of the bed left

her tail pinned upwards, and now the wet hairs had stuck to her fur, making it ineffective at hiding her shame as she peeled herself off the duvet.

Glancing back, she immediately noticed the slightly darker spot on the bed from where she'd just been sitting, but she hoped beyond hope that nopony would have noticed it yet, if ever. She whispered, wheezed, and shouted, whatever noise she could to come out, all the while trying to ignore the sticky sensation coating her thighs. "N-n-Am *not!*" she stammered.

"Are too!" Poppy Seed shouted back with a shit-smacking grin.

The other filly, Sweet Pop pointed. "Oh my Celestia," she said, "*she is!*" She was grinning and Kettle Corn's blush only deepened as she started to back away from the two. "Look at how red she's getting!"

"S-s-s-stop it!" Kettle Corn shouted. "I *am not!*" Her behind rammed into the wooden frame of the bed in the next row over, sending a shock through her spine and a sudden, involuntary, jolt of pleasure through her underside as she felt the hard wood press into her marehood. The reaction was involuntary, and entirely outside of her control—She had to clap a hoof over her mouth to stop the moan from escaping her lips. "Oooh—*Mmmmf!*"

"Oh now there is *no* denying it!" Poppy Seed shouted, almost giving an implicit 'aha!' in her words. Wagging her eyebrows, she sauntered towards Kettle Corn, who tried to back away, but only found herself skewered between the bedframe and this other foal's body.

"A-a-am not," she said, in mock defence, biting her lip and crossing her hooves.

Sweet Pop had a grin across her face as she leaned forward, inches from Kettle Corn's own nose as she spoke in a hushed tone, almost enticingly so. "Hey," she whispered into Kettle Corn's ear. "You know what's the perfect cure for a strong heat?"

This caused Kettle Corn's ears to perk. Dropping all pretence of being upset, she looked back at the filly beside her with wide eyes. "Wh-What?"

"That got her attention." Sweet Pop commented from her position. She dropped back onto her haunches, letting her hind legs hang off the side of the bed, snickering as she did so.

Ignoring the other filly, Kettle whispered, almost too afraid to admit she needed it. This gosh darned heat was absolutely *killing her*—"Y-You know something that can help?"

"Mhm." Poppy Seed nodded. "The best way to take care of a strong heat is to..." There was a thumping at the door, followed by the creaking of wood and the jangling of the bell.

They paused momentarily and Poppy Seed glanced to the door as one of the camp masters arrived.

Sweetie Belle stuck her head in with a clipboard floating in a green aura. She looked across the cabin before her eyes landed on Kettle and her friends. “Hey, girls, have any of you seen a filly by the name of...” Levitating a pair of sewing glasses from her hammer-space, she squinted through them at the clipboard. “...Lemon Squeeze?”

They all shook their heads and Sweetie Belle rolled her eyes. “I swear to Celestia, if that filly doesn’t show up soon, I’m going to...” The door slammed behind her and her voice faded away with the trotting of her hooves, followed by a steady *clomp, clomp, clomp* growing more distant as she descended the front steps.

When the last of the hoof falls had sounded, and they could only barely hear Sweetie cursing to the skies in the distance, Poppy Seed’s toothy grin returned. She grabbed Kettle Corn with a hoof on either side of the head and looked her straight in the eyes as she repeated. slow and steady, and in a hushed whisper, she said: “Best way to take care of a strong heat is to...*get fucked.*”

Kettle Corn and Lemon Squeeze gasped and they both looked at the yellow and white filly that had appeared between them. Lemon Squeeze’s ears twitched and she blinked, then something clicked because she squeaked suddenly—“Oh, fuck!”—and she bolted out the door.

Kettle Corn blinked, watching as Lemon Squeeze squeezed out the front door—the loud jingling of the bell the only sound in the room as her head whipped back to Poppy Seed. The filly was grinning as Kettle Corn then asked: “Y-You mean...” She felt her stomach twist a little, excitement bubbling up inside as she said the word. “B-By a colt?”

Poppy Seed smirked and rolled her eyes. “Uh *duh!*” she shouted—then grabbing Kettle Corn by the hoof, dragging the foal across the cabin towards the nearest open window. There was a stack of drawers with boxes on it in the way, that she promptly shoved off as she brought Kettle Corn up to the window and shot her gaze out over the campground.

“Hey!” Sweet Pop shouted, “That was mine!”

“Yeah, yeah,” Poppy Seed waved her back without pulling her eyes away from the window. “We’ll put it back in a second, just me... Aha!” She waved frantically, gesturing for Kettle Corn to get up onto her hind hooves and join her in looking out the window. “All we need is the perfect colt to get fucked by, and I think I see the *perfect* candidate.”

Poppy Seed’s grin was getting frightening and as Kettle Corn pulled herself up against the chest of drawers to look over the ledge, she frowned, and looked at Poppy Seed for confirmation. She whispered, “You mean Skeedaddle?”

Poppy Seed gasped. Her eyes went wide as she glanced at Kettle Corn. “Wait,” she said, “you *already* know his name!?”

“Y-Yeah—”

"It's *perfect!*" Her voice cracked the sweetie barrier as she practically turned into a dog whistle. "Now you *have* to fuck him!"

"I—I don't know about this..." Backing away from the window, Kettle Corn let herself drop back to all fours. She glanced to the other filly—Sweet Pop—for guidance.

Sweet Pop merely shrugged. "I gotta agree with Poppy," she said, "It can't be any more perfect than this."

Poppy Seed grabbed Kettle Corn by the shoulders and pulled her into a sideways hug. Her smirk had turned into a full-blown grin as she wagged her eyebrows. "Trust me," she said, "My mom's a doctor. You're going to *love it.*"

Before Kettle Corn could say anything more, they were interrupted by a bell ringing and a western twang screeched out an announcement over the camp's intercom:

*Attention, Cutie Mark Campers! Report to the flagpole for yer first event of the day, Archery—*The three of them exchanged glances and raised eyebrows as loud shuffling of papers could be heard over the static, followed by a high-pitched screech that almost busted their eardrums as somepony Sweetie Belle took over the microphone. *AND WILL LEMON SQUEEZE PLEASE REPORT TO THE OFFICE. NOW.*

They all winced at the sound of the microphone being slammed down.

Kettle Corn breathed a sigh of relief at being able to get out of there—but before she could go, she was held back by a hoof on her shoulder and whisper in her ear. "*Don't forget what we said,*" Poppy whispered and licked her ear, causing Kettle Corn to stiffen.

A tremor ran up her spine—not just from the unexpected contact, but from the sudden release of tension she felt bellow her.

There was a splatter as small droplets of her pent-up arousal hit the floor, and Sweet Pop giggled as she passed. "Oh, stop teasing her already."

"Alright, okay, *okay!*" Poppy Seed shouted, and tittered, then set off after Sweet Pop, leaving Kettle Corn alone.

Kettle Corn breathed in, letting the heat in her cheeks settle.

She inhaled, then on the exhale sighed. "O-Okay..." Smiling, she raised her tail, then thought better and clamped it between her legs. The shower would have to wait, as she heard other fillies and colts already shuffling past outside towards the meeting area. "I can do this."

Part 3: Rocking the Boat

There was already a loud chattering of fillies and colts as everypony filed out of their respective cabins towards the centre of the camp—Kettle Corn hurried down the steps, almost tripping over her hooves as she joined the others as they lined up outside the cabins in front of the flagpole. “S- Sorry, sorry—” she squeaked, muttering over and over again as she squeezed through the small crowd and slotted in beside Poppy Seed and Sweet Pop.

Her tail was still twitching uncomfortably—maybe even more so as her heart raced and she panted, wobbling on both hooves between the tightly-packed row of filly and colt bodies. Just a few steps to her right, on the other side of Sweet Pop, she could see Skeedaddle in the line, almost close enough that she could smell him.

“Well, you took your time,” she heard somepony whisper in her ear and Kettle Corn snapped back to attention, pulling her eyes away from the colt that she was supposed to... *f-f-fuck*.

“Relax,” the filly beside her whispered—Kettle Corn glanced to her side to see Sweet Pop looking at her with a knowing smirk. Her cheeks were tinged only slightly red, the pigmentation slowly fading under the bright light of the mid-day sun. Kettle corn realised she’d been blushing herself and she puffed out her cheeks, turning away from Poppy to focus ahead—

Across the camp, she saw the office doors open and two of the camp masters emerge, one holding a clipboard and quill—A peach filly she recognised as Apple Bloom, and the other was Sweetie Belle, dressed up in a sea-green scoutmaster uniform.

“Listen, here’s the plan—When they announce the start of the event, I’m going to try to get you paired up with Skeedaddle, okay?” Kettle Corn’s fur prickled as she felt the hot breath of Poppy Seed in her ear—her tail twitched, but remained clamped tightly over her flank. She ignored Poppy Seed all she could as she watched the two camp masters approach the flag pole.

Upon reaching the row of foals, the camp masters—Apple Bloom and Sweetie Belle looked over them as they stood beside the flag pole. The former was quiet and with a stern look, whilst the latter glanced between them with a slight frown.

Now that they were a lot closer, Kettle Corn could tell there was something not quite right. Sweetie looked oddly flustered. Not only did she have a kink in her step, but her mane was a tousle with a pair of scissors sticking out of the top where somepony had very clearly been trying to cut something out of it. Beneath the uniform, which she now realised looked slightly tattered, her coat was covered in little white specks and blotches. Kettle could only assume it was glue.

As Sweetie passed in front of her part of line, the camp master stopped suddenly, shooting Kettle Corn a sideways glance—and Kettle immediately stiffened, averting her gaze to the ground. “S- Sorry,” she squeaked.

Sweetie's nostrils flared. She didn't say very much, but she did huff as she returned to cantering back to the flagpole—Sweetie's tail flagging momentarily as she spun back around to address the row of fillies and colts. "Alright, Everypony," she said, "We *were* going to start with archery as your first event today, but due to some *unforeseen circumstances*—" She was interrupted by a snicker and paused to fire a glancing dagger at Apple Bloom, who promptly bit her lip and shut her mouth. "I'm afraid we're going to have to *cancel* today's archery event."

At the sound of the words 'cancelled', a collective groan rolled out from across the line. Kettle Corn, for her part, let out a sigh of relief and her entire body relaxing on the spot. *Thank Celestia*. Maybe this means she wasn't going to have to—

Sweetie Belle continued: "*Instead*, we are going to be doing *canoeing*!"

"We're going to need each of you to break off into groups of two," Apple Bloom stepped forward to interject. She tapped at her clipboard with the top of her quill as she sounded off the groups. "Kettle Corn, you're going to be with Poppy Seed, and Sweet Pop, you're with Skeedaddle."

Kettle Corn's ears pricked up at the words. A wide grin spread across Poppy Seed's face beside her and her stomach began to drop as the filly turned to look at her, wagging her eyebrows as she nudged Kettle in the side.

"Oh, oh no..." She shook her head, whispering under her breath. Her whole body was trembling as she struggled to contain herself and stand in line. "No way—" Kettle Corn shook her head, looking at Poppy Seed in the eye—No way she could be— "You can't *possibly* be thinking—"

"Oh *yeah*," Poppy Seed cut her off with a whisper, giving Kettle that same sly grin that she was quickly learning to regret. Poppy Seed immediately turned away from her and shot her hoof into the air shouting, "Oh, *Miss Sweetie belle*!"

Kettle gasped as her hoof was grabbed from her side and yanked upwards, just about pulling her upright as Poppy Seed waved it in the air for her.

"Kettle wants to be with Skeedaddle!"

The colt in question's ears perked up and Kettle glimpsed him out of the corner of her eye, blushed, and averted her face. "What was that?" She just about heard him whisper, presumably to the colt on his other side. Sweet Celestia why—*Why*, do you have to do this to me, Poppy. It was already bad enough that she had to deal with this Luna damned heat, now she had put her on the spot in front of Everypony, right as she—Her legs trembled slightly as a twinge of arousal flushed through her.

Her cheeks were already burning as bright as the sun, but now as her scent wafted to her nose for the first time that day, Kettle became distinctly aware that everypony probably, no, *definitely* could smell her too.

Poppy Seed continued regardless, either unaware of, or intentionally *because* of, Kettle Corn's discomfort. She grabbed the camp masters' attention. "Can she swap with Sweet Pop?"

Sweetie belle glanced between the two of them, not even batting an eyelid as looked Kettle in the eye and the to the colt on the other side. She could have sworn she saw Sweetie's nose scrunch—Was that her thinking face, or did she *know*? Kettle could feel the blush in her cheeks spreading to other places as the moment dragged on and Sweetie's lips began to curl as she considered the swap.

"P-Poppy..." Kettle Corn whispered. She began to fidget, feeling the moisture between her legs start to drip—she was certain she felt a familiar tension under her tail as the muscles twitched to accommodate the unusual pose. She was unable to get her hoof back under her, and something about being made the centre of attention, with all the eyes in the camp trained on her, even if it was all in her mind, was causing her heart to race, and her breathing to get hot. "P-Poppy," she repeated, more hastily this time as she felt Skeedaddle's eyes graze the back of her head.

"Shhhh..." Poppy hushed her. "Trust me, this is going to work."

Kettle Corn's stomach fluttered as she felt the tension building inside. Her ears flipped down as she looked around them anxiously. "Th-That's what I'm afraid of..." she breathed.

Apple Bloom took her sweet time to blink and look over her clipboard.

She turned one of the pages and confirmed something with her quill before sharing a look with Sweetie Belle—They giggled together and were both blushing slightly when they looked back up with thin smiles, eyes specifically trained on Kettle Corn.

"Ah don't see why not," Apple Bloom said with a smirk. Anything more but a wink would have Kettle think they knew something she didn't.

"Yeah," Sweetie Belle agreed. "So long as Sweet Pop is okay with it, I suppose it'll be fine."

Kettle Corn's eyes widened. W-Wait—They were actually going along with this!? She whipped her head around, begging with eyes, towards Sweet Pop, but was left little options as the filly had already been listening and picked up quickly on the plan.

With eyes clearly trained on Kettle Corn as she spoke, Sweet Pop sung in an almost sing-song voice: "I'd be *happy* to!" she said.

Kettle Corn was shoved sideways without warning, and then flipped around back into the line as Sweet Pop swapped places with her—there was only the sound of giggling and Poppy's voice in her ear as she found herself in her new spot, with two fillies giggling like school foals to her left, and on her right—

Kettle's heart stopped as she realised where she was—Standing right in front of her, staring with wide eyes, was a familiar blue unicorn colt. Seeing him up close for the first time, Kettle Corn could properly get a view of his entire flame.

Slender and tall, he stood just about a half an inch over her head with a messy mop of a mane and tail, but above all else, he was staring *at her*.

Behind her, Kettle heard her roommates cackling: "Have fun, you two~" Poppy Seed teased.

Almost immediately, Kettle's blush returned in full force and she averted her gaze.

Skeedaddle raised his hoof in greetings, though. "Um..." he said, "Hi?"

~ ~ ~

The lake was calm, almost like a mirror as it reflected the midday sun. There was a gentle lapping of water and the clock-like rhythm of the waves as the oars dipped and pushed, propelling them little by little through the open expanse.

Kettle Corn was sitting at the head of the boat, facing inwards, whilst Skeedaddle was facing away from her as he focused on moving the oars with his magic.

Between the two of them they'd quickly decided that Skeedaddle would be doing the rowing whilst she kept a lookout for other campers—not that they had any chance of running into any of them. The lake was large enough that they could be rowing for hours and not come within earshot of another group.

It was just the two of them.

With nothing to do.

Alone.

Kettle Corn grimaced, a cramp running up her lower abdomen. She held onto the oar with her left foreleg as she pressed the tip of her right hoof against her stomach, trying to avoid her sensitive teats as she applied pressure to the afflicted zone. The cramp lasted for a few seconds, before finally subsiding and she let out her breath.

At the very least one advantage of the open air and sea breeze through her mane was that they hopefully didn't have to put up with the smell. Both Skeedaddle, and her—Just the tiniest whiff of Skeedaddle's sweat catching her nostrils was enough to cause her symptoms to flare.

"So, uhm..." her ears perked as Skeedaddle glanced over his shoulder, giving Kettle a concerned look. He spoke between swings of the oars, the splashing of the waves punctuating the silence. "What is wrong with you anyway?" *Splash*. "Are you sick?"

Kettle frowned—A tint tinge of embarrassment colouring her cheeks. Her mom had told her never to talk about this stuff with a stall—Er, *colt* in this case, but she hadn't had any luck talking to other fillies, and it wasn't like she even had a choice now.

"C-Can you keep a secret?" she asked. That *should* be enough to ensure he doesn't go blabbing to his geldmates, at least.

Surprisingly, Skeedaddle took that relatively seriously. He stopped rowing immediately, the oars wobbling as they rested against the sides of the boat, just on the precipice of falling off, and he turned around on the spot to face her, the look of concern now more clearly visible as Skeedaddle gave her a raised eyebrow.

"Of course," he said.

No conditions. No stipulations. Just acceptance.

It was refreshing.

Kettle Corn exhaled, releasing a little of the tension she'd been holding. "You promise?" she checked.

"Yes. What is it?"

"I—" Kettle Corn inhaled as she shifted on her seat. The wood of the boat was rough, and while at first it was a relief to sit on something cool and hard, as the minutes had grown on and it had slowly grown moist. Even this was feeling a little *too* comfortable for her liking. "I'm... In heat," she whispered.

She squeezed eyes shut and winced, fully in anticipation for the incoming barrage of questions—or worse—teasing to come her way.

But then nothing happened.

Skeedaddle tilted his head, looking at her in confusion. There was the bumping of wood as something slipped under the water, but otherwise silence. "What's what?" he said.

At this, Kettle almost did a double-take. "W-Wait, you don't know?"

"H-Heat as in temperature?" he asked.

"No, no—" Kettle Corn shook her head—blushing at the absurdity—She almost wanted to slap him it was such a—"I-It means I'm in estrus."

"Estrust?"

“*Estrus*,” she corrected. “I—It means I have to...” Kettle stopped herself, suddenly realising what she was about to say, and to a colt no less. “I-I mean, it doesn’t matter...”

“I—I heard about that,” Skeedaddle said. He scooted closer to her, blushing slightly as he looked down at Kettle Corn’s body. She hadn’t realised it until now, but from where he was sitting, she could tell Skeedaddle had a full view of her teats. She wanted to hide herself from him, even making a move to clench her thighs together, but something made her pause as her eyes were drawn instinctively to his lap where the tip of his... *It* was starting to peek out.

She was blushing furiously, as was he.

Skeedaddle swallowed, inching closer to her again. The splashing of the waves caught her attention as something slid off the side of the boat. The tiny *plap* splashed a few droplets onto her cheeks as something dipped below the surface.

“It means you...” Skeedaddle started, pausing as he inhaled her scent. Kettle Corn was reminded she was probably smelling pretty intense by now—her tail flicked, and she licked her lips, picking up the scent of the colt next to her in turn. “...have to be with a colt, right?”

Their lips were almost an inch apart. Kettle’s heart was pounding. “Y-” Her throat was dry. She put up a hoof to hold him back, to try and refrain herself from going any further. “Yeah,” she said.

Kettle Corn’s eyes flicked behind her to the coast and then back to the colt beside her, her heart racing—she jumped out of her seat.

Their lips smacked together as Kettle Corn threw herself against the colt in front of her, pressing her face against his and moaning into his lips. “Hmmmmmmf....!”

He squeaked and threw up his hooves but put-up little resistance against her as she breathed into his mouth—their breaths intermingling as the air between them grew hot. “Mmms! K-Kettle—”

The whole boat shook and tipped and the two of them tumbled backwards into the middle of the boat with kettle Corn straddling atop him—Her tail flicked as high as it would go as she refused to let go of him. What was this sensation? Her heart was racing and sweat was beading her body—she felt like she was about to explode.

The way Skeedaddle smelled—*tasted*—She breathed it in, inhaling the gentle berry smell as she pressed her lips against his—She could feel his shaft starting to bulge against her teats as their bellies pressed against each other, causing her to squeak and hum, moaning gently into the deepening kiss. “Hmmmh...” she begged, their lips separating a moment for her to gasp. “P-Please...”

She separated, leaning on her haunches—Skeedaddle watched with wide eyes from below as she arched her back, pressing her hips against his, the slowly hardening colt bits tucked neatly under her

between her teats—"Skeedaddle—" Kettle Gaspd, separately, neighing as her tail flicked upwards for him. "F-Fuck me, please. I can't take this heat anymore."

"K-Kettle—" Skeedaddle stared up at her like a deer in the headlights, his face flushed red and his chest rising and falling as her panted. "I—I've never—"

Kettle Corn silenced him with a kiss and used her body weight to flip them over. The boat rocked and the lake splashed around them, tossing water over the edges. Kettle lay back with her coat dap from the water—the cooling feeling a welcome sensation as she stared up at the colt on top of her. "J-Just do it, please..." She hinted towards him with a nudge of her hips, causing his penis to bob up against the underside of his barrel.

From the angle they were on, there was no way she could get it in by herself. She needed *help* and Kettle none-too-subtly suggested what to do by the motions of her hips, whining as she did so. "C-Come *ooon*," she begged.

Skeedaddle blinked, just then realising what he had to do, though still moving with a slightly unsureness about him. He acted like he was about to break as he pressed his body against hers—his hips pushing Kettle's legs up into the air and onto either side of his flanks, the slight rise and arch to her back only serving to coil the tension in her lower half even further.

Kettle mewled, and Skeedaddle almost froze in place, his eyes glancing to hers with a look of concern. "K-Keep going..." Kettle whispered.

Skeedaddle swallowed, then with a furrow his brow, looking back down at the task at hoof—Something about being on full display, at the mercy of a colt she'd only just met was making Kettle Corn's heart race—Her lips trembled as something poked out at the base and Skeedaddle's eyes widened.

"Wh-Woah..." he said.

"H-Hurry up!" Kettle Corn whined.

"Oh-Okay!"

Skeedaddle nodded, jolting back into action. He paused for another excruciating second as he fumbled to grab onto his colt bits and struggled to align them with her opening. The tip slipped and pressed against her lips, making Kettle Corn suck in a breath of air.

A jolt of pleasure arced through her spine, and she trembled. If just a *taste* of it was this good, she couldn't wait to have the rest of him—The moment Skeedaddle's tip aligned with her entrance, Kettle Corn pressed her hips back, hilding him to the medial ring.

"Oh—Ooohhh~"

They moaned in unison. Skeedaddle tensed up and her whole body trembled as Kettle Corn's entrance stretched open in a whole myriad of ways she hadn't thought it could. The feeling of him being inside her, of being so *full* was like an explosion of sensations she couldn't put into words. Instead, she moaned a guttural, lusty howl.

"Uuuueuuueue..." as the first, tiny orgasm rocked through her small underage body.

Skeedaddle was taken by surprise as a tiny spurt of clear fluid squirted out all over Skeedaddle, soaking their fur even further. "Oh—O-Do I...?" He looked back up at her, seeking guidance.

Kettle Corn simply squeezed her eyes shut—*It wasn't enough. She needed **more**.* "K-Keep going," she said.

Skeedaddle swallowed, and still with her eyes closed, she felt him change position. At first, she feared her might be pulling out, but when she felt Skeedaddle's hooves on either side of her body, she was welcomed with the ecstatic bliss as he slowly, shakily, started to press deeper.

And deeper.

And deeper.

"Aaah..."

The gasp escaped her lips as she focused on the sensation—her legs twitched, the muscle firing on their own with every new jolt of pleasure that went through her. She could feel herself being moved backwards as her fur brushed across the boards of the canoe.

Almost on instinct her legs went around his thighs, grasping onto them for purchase as she tried to hold on—There was a growing pressure inside her as the tip finally bottomed out, and Kettle's legs twitched—no, her entire lower body started to shake as the warmth from her crotch started to spread out to the surrounding areas.

"Ah—" She heard somepony pant—It wasn't her, it sounded like. "I—I think it's in..." Skeedaddle said.

Kettle frowned and her ears drooped. She almost didn't want it to end, so she *couldn't* let it end. Not yet.

As she panted, she could barely make out the words as she said, "K-Keep going—A-Again. F-Faster."

Skeedaddle started a slow retreat—Kettle couldn't help but peek, looking down between them as his shaft slowly emerged from within her in reverse. The first inch, second inch, the medial ring caught on her lips causing her breathing to hitch, then another two inches—Her eyes widened with every inch.

Was that really all inside her?

He reached the tip and Kettle Corn pulled a deep breath, biting her lips as she braced herself for the next part.

She saw Skeedaddle clench his teeth, but he wouldn't stop looking into her eyes as he pressed forward. Faster than before, the whole shaft slid elegantly inside of her, pushing deeper and separating her fold with ease.

There was a slight *plap* as his balls slapped against her underside and Kettle Corn squeaked. Her whole body jumped at the contact—a jolt of excitement running through her. Again, Skeedaddle pulled back before slamming into her and causing her whole body to shudder. “Ah-Aaahaa—”

Kettle Corn's lips clenched around the base of his shaft and the bud, she could see was a pink bit of flesh, winked against the veiny appendage, leaking dribbles of her fluid along his length as he pulled back.

Again. *Slap* “Ahhaahh...” She trembled, biting her lip, and whispered. “H-Harder...”

Skeedaddle was sweating at this point and had to bite his lip as he pulled back—his entire body trembling with what Kettle could only presume was the same thing she was going through. She repeated when he hilted inside her, causing the whole boat to shake. “H-Harder.”

He pulled back again and slammed into her. A sudden pressure sent jolts of pleasure and pain through Kettle Corn's body as he tapped her inner-most entrance. The boat shuddered and the water splashed around them as the canoe jittered along the surface. “H-Harder!” she demanded.

Skeedaddle huffed. He adjusted his footing on either side of her—a loud huff as he flared his nostrils over her and grit his teeth. Skeedaddle arched his back and bore his weight down on her, pressing Kettle Corn's back into the hard at the bottom of the canoe as he put everything he had into it.

“Hiyaaaa!”

KER-SLAM

“AHH...! F-Fuu—” Kettle Corn moaned as his hips slammed into her, pushing her back an inch with the force. The tip of his cock bottomed out with the medial ring embedded to the hilt—and in one fell swoop, the tremors barely had a moment to settle across her belly before he was at it again—The next slam rocked the boat even further as he proceeded to fuck her with abandon.

SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP

Every thrust pushed her body back slightly further, edging her towards the point of no return, scooting along the length of the canoe as the water splashed around them. Kettle Corn felt her head press into something hard as she finally settled against the supports for one of the boat's seats—

then Skeedaddle's cock started *properly* ramming into her.

Now with the right purchase—she started to shake and gasp for breath, moaning in a rhythmic beat against the wet slapping of Skeedaddle's hips against her rump. “Ahha—aha—F-Fuck—” She moaned and panted, giving out little squeaks as the jolts of pleasure made her muscles twitch and spasm. “Yes—*Fuck*—harder, hard, hard, please...”

Her hooves tightened around his back, and Skeedaddle, following orders, redoubled his efforts. At this point neither of them cared about who was watching or heard. The boat was shaking and rocking with every thrust and Kettle felt the tensions deep inside her growing and coiling, building to some sort of release with every inward thrust.

Her clit was winking over and over again, her tongue rolling out of her mouth as she panted and heaved, her chest pressed against his and water pooling behind her head as she held onto the colt fucking her for dear life.

“Ah-Aaaah...” Skeedaddle and Kettle's moans mingled into one as the moment drew longer, inch by inch punctuated by the slapping of his balls against her but and the splashing of water and filly's squeaks.

Skeedaddle huffed, his nostril flaring—He paused between thrusts to grunt out. “K-Kettle—Something's—” He was struggling to speak. Kettle merely held on, gyrating her hips to keep up his thrusts, to get that angle, the one spot with the itch she simply couldn't reach. “Something's happening—” she heard him whisper in her ear as his head dipped close to her own.

“D-Don't stop,” she huffed. “I'm almost—”

“I don't think I can!” Skeedaddle moaned over her words as he hilted in her one last time—A pulse ran through his shaft as his belly connected with hers and Skeedaddle's legs locked into place.

There was a sudden pressure inside her and then a warmth—like a kind of instant relief poured out into her.

Kettle Corn moaned, practically screaming. “Aaaaaaaa—aaaaahhhhh....” The tremors in her body turned into a veritable earthquake as the dam finally broke and her orgasm hit her—The whole world flashed white and her own legs locked, holding Skeedaddle against her—No pulling out, as his own orgasm rocked through him and pulse after pulse of a pleasure was pushed deep inside her.

The last thing she remembered was breathing out as her eyes crossed—flashes of light sparking in the darkness as her head rolled back onto the floorboards.

~ ~ ~

Kettle Corn woke up in a sticky sweat. Her muscles were aching, but the moment she came to she realised something...She inhaled, breathing in the fresh ocean breeze. Her mind was clear. She wasn't hot and itchy. She didn't have any discomfort in her... *other* areas.

It almost felt like her heat was gone...

Looking to her side, she saw Skeedaddle lying on the boards of the canoe at her side in a delirious daze. There was a wobbly smile painted across his face as he looked at her with a dreamy haze. "H-Hey..." he said, swallowing, "That was.. amazing..."

Her heat was still racing, and looking down she saw the trail of white leading from between her legs to the tip of his softening shaft.

The first thought that occurred to her was:

"Y-Yeah..." she breathed. "That was amazing..."

The second thought that occurred to her was:

She looked around them, noticing something was missing.

"Where are the paddles?"

Part 4: Knocked Up the Creek

"Oh, no, no, no, no!"

Kettle Corn bounced to her hooves, almost knocking Skeedaddle out of her way as she started pacing and hyperventilating in a panic. She tittered to herself as the boat shook, water splashing waves around them. "How could we lose the *paddles!*?" she shrieked.

Skeedaddle's ears turned down in confusion—his mind still buzzing. His vision was all blurry and doubling as his head swam from the afterglow of whatever they had just done. He almost didn't want to get up, he was too comfortable where he was, but when he heard Kettle Corn mention the paddles, he frowned and looked around, squinting to make his eyes uncross.

"Wh—What?" He asked.

"The paddles!" He heard Kettle Corn scream. The filly stopped her pacing long enough to look into the distance. She stood up straight suddenly and waved her hooves in the air, jumping and only causing the boat to shake and shudder and more water to splash across their bodies. "Hey!" She screamed at the top of her lungs. "HEY! OVER HERE!"

Pulling himself up, Skeedaddle was just in time to catch glimpse of an orange canoe passing at a distance, manned by a couple of fillies from Kettle Corn's cabin. They both seemed to look in their direction and then erupt into giggles.

Their distant voices drifted in on the waves as the pair paddled along, drawing further into the distance before turning a corner along the coast.

Enjoy, you two~

The giggling trailed off into the distance, leaving them alone with their thoughts—to which Kettle Corn blushed, giving Skeedaddle a glance.

Skeedaddle's eyes were drawn to a flick behind her and he realised Kettle Corn had just flicked her tail back into the down position—a dribble of their mixed fluids still trailing in little rivulets from between her legs: the signs of their prior activities.

Blushing himself, Skeedaddle rolled back onto his back and took a deep breath to clear his head. Though his vision was still a little blurry at least the stars were beginning to recede and the cool air of the lake was especially helping.

When it was starting to feel like he could sit up again and not lose all the blood to his head, he swallowed and sat up, pressing a hoof to his forehead. His horn ignited to send out a tendril to grasp around the handles of the oars.

“Have you looked—” He stopped suddenly, realising what had happened. He was about to say ‘*It’s right here*’ but it had become immediately dawned on him that he didn’t know where *here* was. It was like they had just vanished, or...

Skeedaddle’s eyes turned towards the last place he’d remembered them: off the side of the boat.

But maybe--

His eyes darted to the inside of the boat, doing a quick inventory. Other than the few ropes and life preservers—that neither of them had thought to use—it was basically just himself and Kettle Corn, a filly who was becoming increasingly more frazzled by the second as she awaited his response.

Evidently, the look on his face wasn’t helping matters.

“Oh fuck.”

Kettle seemed to read his mind as she immediately whines. “Oh my Celestia!” Throwing herself against the side of canoe, the whole boat lurched and threw Skeedaddle with her—“I can’t believe you dropped them!”

“W-Wait!” Skeedaddle gasped and screamed at the same time. “I dropped them!?”

He tossed a hoof out and caught himself with a foreleg against the railing—His other hoof almost punched Kettle Corn in the side of the head as he held her back from tipping them both into the lake. He then turned her to face him head on. “Y-You’re going to sink us!” he blurted, then immediately followed up with, “What do you *mean* that I dropped them!? *You* came onto me! This is all your fault!”

Kettle Corn shot him a glare—her pout more than obvious as she turned a deep shade of red. “W-Well what am I supposed to do?” she said.

Skeedaddle paused to think. Adjusting himself, he pulled his rump back under him and positioned to hide his shaft. Their fur was still matted and sticky, and evidently *somepony* was still a little too excited to go back inside, so Skeedaddle made a point of hiding his head between his legs.

“M-Maybe if I...” Turning his eyes away from the filly beside him, he cast a tentative string of magic into the water and reached down towards the bottom...wherever that may be.

The lake bed was, unsurprisingly, deep. A lot deeper than expected. It took all of his concentration to reach all the way down, and try as he might, he couldn’t make out anything other than the cold wetness the waves.

There was a brush against his field—an alien texture tickled the edge, and then a skittering as something retreated into the darkness. Skeedaddle yelped and jumped back. Cancelling his magic, he crumpled into the opposite side of the boat.

He had a close miss knocking his head against the railing and Kettle Corn let out a startled squeak—Looking up, he saw the filly staring at him with wide eyes, her hooves pressed over her mouth to suppress the squeal she'd just made. "Wh-What was that?" Kettle asked.

Skeedaddle frowned. Calling back the memory, a chill ran up his spine. "N-Nothing, he said..."

Getting back to his hooves, Skeedaddle crossed the boat—side-stepping around Kettle Corn to get to the head of the canoe. He glanced down at the waves and then up at the horizon, cupping a hoof over his eyes for the sun. "I—" He wet his lips. "I-I don't think we're getting those—Let's just wait. I'm sure *somepony* will realise we're gone."

"Oh, okay..." Kettle Corn sounded a little disappointed, or relieved—there was a certain breathiness in her tone that made Skedaddle raise an eyebrow. He glanced back at her. "Are you ok—"

Kettle Corn was sitting on the other bench—this time against her haunches and curled like a cat as she inspected her... *filly bits*—Just thinking about them made Skeedaddle's cheeks burn, and his entire body to get hot and flustered.

His nostrils flared as he watched her press a hoof into her folds and then gently rub up along its length, squeezing a little more the white cream out from her. The thick substance trickled from her opening, smearing on her hoof and dabbing the bench in small blobs, mixed with clear secretions.

"Wh..." Skeedaddle started. He started to move towards her, to tell her to stop, but the words died in the back of his throat as he watched Kettle Corn gently rubbing her lips in small circles in front of him.

This continued for another few second that felt like they would drag on for hours, punctuated by nothing but the lapping of the waves and the gentle *schlick, schlick, schlick* of Kettle Corn's hoof against her filly hood. The let out a little hum, and was opening her mouth in a moan when her eyes clicked up at him and she stopped, frozen suddenly.

A bright red blush erupted across the filly's features—Kettle felt like he'd turned into a tomato—and she immediately whipped her hoof away, clamping her hind legs together, huffing.

"What were you—"

Kettle Corn blushed. "W-Well... I have to clean it somehow," she said.

Skeedaddle's jaw worked itself for a second. He remained there for a second as Kettle Corn's eyes remained trained on him, her blush refusing to abate. Her vision flicked to between his legs and then until, finally, the pin dropped.

"O-Oh."

And he turned around.

~ ~ ~

The waves were lapping against the side of the boat. A gull squawked loudly overhead as it blew past on the wind and the sun's light was starting to get dim as it slowly dipped below the horizon, the yellowing wisps of light dancing across the lake's surface as Kettle Corn looked out over the handrail, the blanket draped tightly over her withers as the sound of the boat's motor hummed away in the background.

She could faintly sense the whispering of some other colt and filly over the shoulder as one of the camp masters gave directions back to the port, but she paid it little heed—Kettle's hoof had gone back to wondering between her legs as she wiped gently at the soft mound.

Her body was still tingling slightly, hot and uncomfortable—she didn't want to say it earlier to Skedaddle when they were in the boat, but her moment of relief had barely lasted more than ten minutes. If anything, finally getting to be with a colt and filled with his... She swallowed. *Stuff* only seemed to make her condition worse.

Her heart seemed to be racing uncontrollably one minute, and then practically stopping the next—she felt clammy and jittery, and any time she got a whiff of a colt she could feel her tail beginning to flick aside all of its own volition—in summary, to quote her classmates, being in heat was *ucking torture*.

She pressed her hoof against her labia, gently wiping it up to get a little smear of the secretions. Though she'd done her best to clean as much of it as she could, every time she sat down she could feel a fresh trickle of thick *stuff* leaking out of her, though it made her curious.

Bringing her hoof up to where she could see it, the liquid was thick and gloopy. It was white and clung to her hoof like a sort of glue and there was, surprisingly, a lot of it. Had Skeedaddle really shot all of that inside of her?

A jolt of excitement ran up Kettle Corn's back and she felt her tail twitch under the blanket. She immediately started to blush and pushed the thought to the back of her mind—then she brought the hoof absentmindedly closer to her face.

There was just something enchanting about it. About this... Her muzzle scrunched as she tried to remember the right word for it: *Cum*.

It was a funny word. She'd always heard other fillies in her school talking about it, about their boyfriend's cum. Usually it was referring to getting it on them, the mess it made, the way it smelled, the way it tasted.

She brought the hoof closer to her mouth. Just a bit. Just enough to get a whiff.

She sniffed.

It didn't smell bad. It was a bit of a tangy scent, not too different than what she'd picked up from Skeedaddle earlier—another twitch of her tail had the blanket tug at her withers—but like this it was just so much more *intense*.

Dare she?

Bringing the hoof just a little closer, she opened her mouth just a bit. She stuck her tongue out and angled the tip of her hoof to bring it close to one of the bigger chunks and—

Somepony sat down beside her. "Key, it's Kettle Corn, right?"

"Ack—! N-Nothing!" She squeaked, just about jumping off the boat—Kettle Corn whipped the hoof away from her mouth and sat on it, pressing the cum into her coat as she turned to address the new pony—grinning widely to cover up her very obvious blush. "I-I mean..."

The colt was looking at her with a raised eyebrow but he hadn't seemed to have noticed anything out of the ordinary, thankfully.

She readjusted her smile, relaxing somewhat. "...Y-Yes?" she said.

The colt in question looked like he must have been at least three years older than her. Her was a pegasus with a light blue coat and a slicked back mane. He looked at her another moment before cracking a smile and leaning back coolly. He ran a hoof through his mane.

"You know..." he said. Scooting a little closer to her side, he looked out over the railing at the setting sun. Kettle couldn't help but notice the unique scent of the older colt. It was like the smell of fresh dew mixed with upturned morning dirt. It was an oddly earthy tone for pegasus, but that was what she liked about it.

It was on instinct when she leaned her head against his shoulder. A little tremor ran up her spine as she felt his fur against her cheek. It was soft and feathery, like a downy pillow, and oh so—He inhaled suddenly and gently nudged her back to an upright position, shifting slightly to put a little space between them on the bench.

Looking at his face, Kettle could tell his nose had picked something up, likely *her*. Their eyes met and she blushed.

He continued: "You're lucky Poppy saw you guys when she did." He gestured at the lake. "It gets pretty cold out here at night, and who knows how long it might have been until somepony realised you were gone."

“Oh—Oh...” Kettle Corn mouthed under her breath. Frowning slightly, she lowered her head, ears drooping. “Yeah... sorry...” she whispered.

Just then a cold wind blew over the two of them. It made her shiver and he ruffled his feathers—obviously trying to look like he wasn’t affected by it. Still, she got a smirk when he caught her staring.

He put his hoof over her withers and to share in the warmth—as if she even *needed* it—but Kettle couldn’t bring herself to push him away, instead letting his warm fur rest against her own through the soft blanket.

“I’m Rumble, by the way,” she heard him say. He had held out a hoof to her, but upon looking at her properly, Rumble frowned and lowered his foreleg. “Hey, are you okay?” he asked.

Kettle’s blush deepened. “Ah—” She opened her mouth, but thinking better of it—even as a shudder ran up her spine from the spot his hoof had brushed against her withers—she closed her mouth and turned her head away. “No, no, I’m fine,” she lied.

Rumble furrowed his brow. He was almost five quarters her age. There was absolutely *no* fooling him—Oh Luna, why couldn’t she have been left alone, just this one. “You don’t look fine,” he said.

‘And you certainly don’t *smell* fine,’ Kettle whispered under her breath. She buried her face slightly further into the blanket, pulling her pigtails over her face as she did, tugging at the corners to pull them tightly around herself.

Maybe if she made herself small enough and pretended to not be there he would give up and wander off—she assured herself. Still, the smell of the colt was becoming overwhelming as Kettle’s fur started to mat.

Despite the colt breeze she was starting to feel warm under the blanket, but still she held it tight, and still he persisted.

Pouting, he spoke up a little more hesitantly this time, whispering in her ear with a stutter. “Y-You don’t have to be ashamed of it, you know,” he said.

The fur on her mane, her pigtails, *everything* on the back of Kettle Corn’s neck—even the blanket would have bristled if it could as Kettle’s entire body stiffened. She shot the colt the most disgusting stare she could muster from between the folds, and then slowly pulled the cover away from her muzzle as she whispered back. “Wh-What do *you* know about *anything* I’ve been going through?”

He chuckled.

Rubbing the back of his neck, he blushed himself and whispered. “Y-You’d be surprised...” Then, giving a short laugh, he continued... “You could say I’ve had a little *experience* in the matter.”

Kettle Corn's eyes widened. She sat up, glancing at the colt with a look of astonishment. "Y-You have?"

"Yeah," He nodded, blush still not abating—His wings were also conspicuously erect at the moment, and Kettle Corn had to suppress a snicker as the colt fidgeted uncomfortably—evidently, he was having about as much difficulty with the subject as she was.

When he was finally comfortable with his wings behind him—where they wouldn't get caught up in the blanket, he continued. "I've had some experience, mostly through my brother, and, uh—" He coughed. "Taking care of relatives, but I get the gist of it. Hot and an uncontrollable urge to f—"

He struggled with the word for a moment, but Kettle didn't skip a beat, and she shot out the word in tandem with him. "*Fuck*"—She was leaning forward, hanging on his every sentence.

Noticing this, the colt leaned back, pushing a hoof against Kettle's chest to keep her at hoof's length.

She whined a little bit at not being allowed to get any closer to him—but a little, quiet, sane part of her brain managed to grab hold long enough to correct course as she rolled back onto her haunches.

The bench was getting slick and the smell of her heat was getting noticeable *even to her*.

She muttered. "S-Sorry..."

"It's okay," he said, "Like I said, experience."

They shared a knowing glance.

The wind picked up and as the boat slowly began to change direct, a cool spray of fresh water was drizzled across Kettle's muzzle and face—she blinked the blurriness out of her vision and licked the moisture on her lips, letting the little bit of fishy air carry away the scent of her arousal, and a little of the heat with it.

In the silence, she spoke—hesitantly at first. "C-Can you keep a secret?" she asked.

She still wasn't sure if she could trust him, but at this point, she wasn't even sure if she could trust *herself*.

The colt blinked but nodded without question. "Of course."

"S-Since you... *know* how this works..." It was hard to think of the right words. Everything she came up with died on the tip of her tongue and Kettle Corn was left sitting there for a second longer, her eyes drifting across the horizon, before she settled back on the colt beside her.

"...Yes?" he asked.

"When I was in the boat with Skeedaddle earlier..." She gestured, gesturing towards him, "Y-You know..." The waters were about as empty as ever, not a single pony to be seen for miles as she gestured a hoof around them. "When we were *alone*, for..."

She glanced back at the colt only to find him frowning and looking at her like she was speaking in Greek. "And?" he asked.

She facehoofed. "Oh, for the love of..." Letting the hoof drag down her face, Kettle repeated, a little more clearly this time: "A colt. A filly. Alone. *In heat*."

That was finally enough, as the pin dropped and he inhaled. "...oooooh..."

"Yeah." She nodded.

"You fucked him."

Kettle Corn blanched. Blushing, she quipped. "W-Well don't say it like that!"

"Why not? It's true."

"But don't say it *like that*!" she shouted, barely above a whisper.

There was a loud clatter of something on the deck that made both of them stiffen—Shutting their mouths, Kettle watched as Skeedaddle rounded the corner behind them, trotting past them with what looked like a mound of ropes dangling in his aura.

She managed to catch his eye and Skeedaddle paused. Sweat beaded his brow as he came to a stop just a few meters away from them. He glanced from Kettle to the colt beside her, and she heard him audibly swallow before he started to back away from them. Then, wordlessly doing an about-face, he continued in the opposite directions, ropes in tow.

She let out her breath, and Rumble spoke up, breaking the awkward silence. "So..." He said, hesitantly at first as he scooted a little closer to her. Kettle Corn caught him eyeing her and a pair of butterflies bubbled up in her stomach. "...You're saying you had sex with Skeedaddle?" he asked.

She leaned away, trembling slightly from the brush of his fur against hers. Her blush deepened and she almost had to force the words out, squeaking a tiny: "...Yes..."

"Well..." He thought for a moment. "Did it work?"

"What do you mean 'did it work'?"

"I mean..." Rumble averted his vision, his cheeks burning bright red. There was a cool breeze that blew a fresh spray of seawater across them, and the jingle of some bells announced they were getting closer to the coast. "...Did it end your heat?" he finally asked.

“No...” Kettle Corn began, but then stopping herself, she frowned. There was no denying it. “Well, kinda,” she said. “It *did* work for a bit, but then it all just came back” —

“I see,” He nodded.

— “No, you don’t get it!” She whined, “It felt *worse*! Y-You know what it’s like? Do you have *any* idea what it’s like to be hot and twitchy, unable to stay in the same spot for two seconds, constantly having to—” She licked her lips, unintentionally getting a whiff of the pegasus’ delirious scent. Trying to hold her urges back—she didn’t even care that the bench was drenched. She pressed her thighs together, trembling as she tried to quell the quakes. The words tumbled out of her mouth: “To be constantly thinking about—about—” She grimaced. It felt so dirty to admit, and yet she’d just *done* it. “Sex. I want to *fuck*.” Her throat cracked as she looked up at Rumble.

The colt, his eyes wide, opened his mouth to speak, but she cut him off, grabbing the colt by the shoulders as repeated. “I’m constantly surrounded by colts and I so, so, *desperately* want to fuck, I *need* to fuck. I need to fuck y—”

Realising her position she bit down on her tongue, clamping her mouth shut as she squeaked out quickly, “S-Sorry...” Releasing Rumble from her grip, she forced herself to sit back down and pressed her face into her hooves and sobbed. “I’m s-So, sorry... I-I couldn’t—”

Again. How could she have almost done it *again*?! The second time she finds a colt who it sympathetic to her and all she’s able to think about is f- Doing *that thing* with him...

Holding her face in her hooves—her rum was still burning with that needful ache, desperately begging her to do something about it. She pressed it into her own fluids on the bench and repeated her apology “Sorry... I’m so sorry...”

“H-Hey... It’s okay...” She felt Rumble’s hoof on her back, followed by a nuzzle as he pulled her into a sideways hug. His scent was all over her, she almost wanted to push him away but didn’t have the strength to do it. She heard him whispering in her ear. “Did you take anything for it?” he asked.

It took a moment for her to put together what he was asking, but as soon as she did she shook her head. “Nu-uh...” she mumbled. Looking up, she felt the trickles of tears wetting her cheeks. Rumble was staring at her with a concerned look on his face.

Kettle wiped her nose a little, putting on a thinly-veiled smile. “M-Mom said she’d get me some of that tea she used when—When she had me, but the store was out. I-I thought I could handle it, but—”

“So you’re just bearing through with it?”

She nodded.

“Th-The things is...I don’t know if I can take it. I’m *dying* here, Rumble, and—and—If I—”

Her vision started to blur and Rumble was quick to squeeze her hoof, giving her a little hug and smile. He used a hoof to pull her chin up and make her look into his eyes. “Hey, hey, It’s okay,” he said.

“Sk-Skeedaddle—” Nothing was stopping the tears from welling in her eyes. “I just couldn’t control myself. I pounced him, and I-I-I-I know I’m not supposed to, but I had to have sex and I’m worried that he’ll—He hates me—”

“It’s okay, Kettle—” Rumble repeated. He wiped the tears from her eyes and gave her another, much tighter, squeeze—As his hooves swapped around her, Kettle almost felt a sense of relief wash over her, and she inhaled his scent—That beautiful earthy sea air was refreshing, sobering, almost, even with the hormones dancing in the air.

Rumble pulled away from her, sitting back on his side of the bench. He looked up and down her, holding onto her hooves as he whispered. “These things happen.”

“Do they?” She asked, almost incredulously, and he nodded with a conviction.

“Yes. They do. All the time.”

Then he paused for a moment, as if considering something. Whispering under his breath, Rumble said, “I shouldn’t really, but...” Looking back at her, he levelled a question: “The filly’s cabin is the same layout as the colts’, right?”

Raising an eyebrow, Kettle Corn asked, “M-Maybe. Why?”

“A filly’s first time should be special, something shared with somepony you know and trust. It shouldn’t be—” He frowned, looking over his shoulder in the direction Skeedaddle had gone. “Like *that*—So if you leave your bathroom window open tonight, I promise, I’ll show you a proper time. I’ll help you deal with this heat in the only way I know how, promise.”

“I—I don’t know if I should...”

“What if it ends up the same way as Skeedaddle?”

“I’ll make sure it won’t. This won’t be like your first time, okay? It’s entirely up to you whether you do it. I won’t force you, but the offer is there if you need it, alright?”

Just then the boat’s horn sounded causing both of them to jolt to attention. The boat’s engines changed tones as it started to decelerate and the sounds of ponies clobbering around below the deck alerted them to the flicker of torches in the darkness. As if by a clock, the shape of the pier took form out of the mist as they pulled back into the campgrounds.

The sounds of the water lapping against the hull and other canoes rapping in the waves filled their ears. Kettle Corn rubbed her eyes. She pulled the blanket back around herself and stood to disembark.

She nodded back at Rumble. "I'll think about it," she whispered.

Part 5: A visit in the night

“...and then...” Poppy Seed put a long pause on her story. She looked around the room with a massive shit-eating grin as she recounted the latest in her long line of stories from the day. “Then, she really *did* tip us over!”

The room erupted into a cacophony of giggle and laughter—much to Cherry Pop’s chagrin. Poppy Seed threw in a “We were soaked!” at the end before joining in with everypony else laughing.

Cherry Pop pouted. Still clearly very damp and flustered, she buzzed her wings and pointed an accusing hoot at Poppy Seed beside her. “Well, it’s not *my* fault you were throwing around the oars like that!”

“There was a *bee*!” Poppy seed interjected, “What was I *supposed* to do!?”

Cherry’s voice cracked several octaves as she squealed. “NOT smack me in the head!?”

Another wave of laughter filled the room. As several others rolled onto the floor clutching at their sides, Kettle Corn fidgeted uncomfortably, unable to summon more than a half-hearted chuckle. Her mind was still stuck on Rumble’s offer, unable to move past what she was going to do.

Her heat was still ravaging her body, to the point that she could barely sit still. Her every breath would come out hot and her entire body felt tingly and burning—She twisted her hips, the course fabric of the duvet cover sending jolts of pleasure through her body.

Her legs were aching and she could feel moisture gathering under her as she tried to sit in the same spot.

When there was another wave of laughter, Kettle Corn pretended to laugh, putting on a smile as she stole a glance below herself. She couldn’t see what was going on down there, not without being noticed, but she could *feel* what she knew was happening.

And she felt sticky, and wet, and—Moving her hips, the duvet cover stuck to her lips a moment before falling away. The tickling sensation of something thick and viscous forming thin ropes between her legs and the bed caused her breathing to hitch in her throat slightly.

Looking up quickly—everypony was turned away from her. Now was the chance.

“I—Uh...” Feigning a cough, Kettle Corn slid off the side of the bed, “Excuse me, girls, I have to, uh...” she said.

Poppy Seed immediately noticed her moving, and Kettle made sure to keep herself facing towards the rest of the group as she snuck past. Tail clamped hard against her underside, she was more than aware of the wet fluids sticking to her fur and tail hairs as cantered across the creaky floorboards.

“Where are you going?”

Kettle Corn heard Poppy whisper just as she was passing close by her—She immediately stopped in her tracks, suppressing the need to wince as she pulled in a tiny gasp of air.

Poppy was looking at her with curiosity. “We were just getting to the good part.”

“I’m, uh...” Kettle Corn forced herself to stand still as she thought of what to say. Her ears twitched as her tail tried to pick itself up—She promptly clamped it back down, biting her lip as she squeaked. “I have to go to the... little fillies’ room.” Her eyes brightened then. “B-But don’t wait up on me!” she said, smiling. “Y-You can tell me how it ends later, okay?”

Poppy Seed nickered. “Well okay...” she said, with a frown. Then turned away, she said: “It’s your loss...”

The very moment she was out of sight, Kettle Corn spun around and bolted for the bathroom door. She slammed it shut behind her. Her hooves were shaking as she shunted the latch into place. The light was clicked on. A dim glow cast over the small quarters as Kettle Corn slammed her body against the back of the toilet. She used the tank as support as she leaned her body against the cool porcelain.

Finally, alone, she let her tail flick high, letting release a splattering of fluids from her aching marehood. She muffled a bray with a bit of her hoof, and then panting and huffing, she focused on her breathing as she squeezed her eyes shut.

In and out, she breathed the cool air, letting her mind clear and her focus on the sensations around her to carry her through the mists of her own lust—The constant aching and empty feeling in her core were slightly offset by her arching her back and pretending for a moment that she was laid out and ready to be bred.

For a moment, she imagined she was back on that canoe, then out in the woods with Skeedaddle. The scent of the wood cabin added to the pine scent of her image, building the scenario of herself leaned against a tree-trunk with her tail in the air—Her body mirrored the actions in her mind, arching her back and flicking her tail upright until the hairs brushed against the fur on her back.

The very sensation caused a tremor to run up and down her flank. She could see herself. She was presenting her ass to him as he climbed atop her back. He knickered in her ear and bit gently as he pressed his tip against her opening. The flared forced her to part and—

She gasped. A fresh splatter of her filly juices sprayed against the floor.

Kettle Corn rolled over.

Now sitting on the seat properly, she lifted one of her legs, hooking a hoof underneath as she pulled it up to her shoulder and reached with the other to press it against her folds—Her frog was soft and gentle. It sent tingles through her filly bits as she carefully touched herself.

She was gentle at first, merely holding the soft pad against her lips—feeling the way it trembled, and the occasional flex as the lips opened against her hoof to deposit more clear fluid onto her nail and frog. Then she started slowly moving, stroking her hoof against the lips in small circles.

“Ah...” she panted. That was the spot.

Moving a bit faster, gliding the hoof up and down her folds, only slightly parting her lips to feel the slick flesh inside, she leaned back more against the tank.

From her new position, she could see her own reflection in the mirror above the basin. What she saw looking back at her was a little foal, barely 8, except her pony tails had become frayed. One of the ribbons was on the verge of coming loose whilst she held her left—reflection’s right—hind leg over her shoulder as she hoofed herself to completion.

She inhaled, gasping as a tiny orgasm jolted through her making her entire body tense. A splattering of fluid spurted out against her hoof, coating the seat in a mix of her own juices and white the white streaks of Skeedaddle’s seed.

She stayed in that position for a moment longer, gently rubbing her lips as she stared at her reflection, biting her lip, toying with the angle. Her teats, she noticed, were red and puffy. She *did* have a little bit of pudge, but even on top of that her teats were protruding making her look like she was pregnant. Or at least... ready to be pregnant.

For a few moments of clarity, she could hear the other fillies talking outside through the bathroom door. Though she couldn’t make out what she was saying, she could still hear Poppy Seed’s story was nearing a completion.

Hooves clamped around outside as ponies were climbing into bed, and Kettle Corn looked at her reflection once more.

As the moment of clarity passed and her heat started to rage once again, the filly that looked back at her, crimson red with a blush, nodded back. “Do it,” she said.

Kettle Corn nodded at herself. Was there any choice, really? No.

Pulling her hoof out from between her legs, Kettle Corn lowered her leg and stood back up. Trotting in front of the mirror, she adjusted her pigtails. She tightened the ribbon and dusted them off, then brushed back the stray hairs in her mane. She took a little water from the tap and used it to wipe her face clean, then looking at herself, she made a pose with her hoof on her cheek and blew a kiss.

She undid the latch on the window and slid it all of the way open, putting the wooden peg in the hole to keep it there through the night—A cool breeze blew in through the open gap, carrying with it the chirping of the crickets and the fresh scent of pine cones and blackberries.

Kettle Corn looked out over the darkening landscape. She smirked to herself and left the bathroom with a skip to her step and a flick of her tail. If anypony saw her listing her tail, that was *their* problem.

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There was a loud commotion in the colt's cabin—no pony so much as bothering to even pretend they were asleep as the entire cabin's residence congregated in a tight circle around two colts in particular. A runty little unicorn was bent over a chest in the middle of the aisle, sweating bullets as he struggled to hold his own against his opponent.

A scrawny little earth pony colt half his age was barely breaking a sweat. He was relaxing comfortably with his elbow on the trunk and a clear smirk on his face as he basked in his impending victory.

"Come on, Snips! You can Dew It!" A tall, dimwit of a unicorn shouted over Snail's shoulder, rocking the upper bunk as he cheered. "Show that runt who's boss!"—The irony was clearly lost on both of them.

Snips gasped for air, pulling in everything he had as his entire body began to tremble—Skeedaddle, watching from the bleachers, had to cover his mouth as his eyes widened—watching as Snips slowly to turned from his normal lime green to more of a pinkish hue.

Everyone around him was cheering for the smaller colt—And, measuring the crowd properly, the colt shrugged and slammed Snips' hoof flat against the lid of the trunk.

There was a resounding *THUMP*—Almost a *crack*—as the entire trunk, floorboards, and even the beams holding up the roof shuddered from the impact and the entire room erupted into cheers.

"It's no fair!" Snips shouted, wincing as he cupped his injured hoof under his armpit. "You cheated! Ya can't be using yer fancy earth pony magics!"

"Who said I'm using magic?" He heard the colt responded with a nicker and Skeedaddle rolled his eyes. Had these morons really learned *nothing* about pony anatomy in magical kindergarten?

Evidently neither of them had, because Snails was quick to back him up. "Ya have't be cheating!" He sloshed, and Snips thumped the chest, causing the floor to creak and both colts to shake with the resulting tremor.

"An earth pony can't be *that* strong!"

Snips reached across the chest to grab the other colt by the scruff of his neck, but what was said after that went over Skeedaddle's head as something else caught his eye through the back of the scene.

Between all the colts mulling about, he saw somepony turn around and sneak away. He was too late to see who it was, only catching the tufts of a dark mane and blue feathers from a pegasus' wings, but it was without a doubt *somepony* sneaking away.

Skeedaddle's eyes roamed over the tops of the crowd before quickly spotting the colt as he separated from the group, again somewhat obscured by Snips getting in his way—"Oh really—" Skeedaddle jumped up onto the tips of his hooves, balancing on his bed to get a little extra height, but he was *just* too late.

The front door to the cabin opened quickly and closed, the chime of a bell the only indication that it had even opened.

Skeedaddle slipped off his bed and ran in pursuit, side-stepping past the crowd of colts as the argument erupted into a fight—He ducked and weaved past a flying hoof as Snips leaped over the trunk to tackle the other colt to the ground and he scrambled up to the nearest window.

Pressing his body against the chest of drawers, Skeedaddle pulled himself up to look over the windowsill and squinted through the grubby glass. Through the misting of his own breath, he watched as a familiar silhouette tiptoed through the empty clearing in the middle of the camp.

There was a lamp at the flagpole, and as the colt passed through the light—The fur on the back Skeedaddle's neck stood on end as he recognised the same colt from earlier on the boat.

Rumble shifted left and right, before ducking back into darkness.

"What are you doing, Rumble..." Skeedaddle whispered below his breath, his eyes narrowing. The fight happening right behind him could have been a million miles away. Even as a stray saddlebag strap clapped the wall next to him, Skeedaddle held his position, watching Rumble's every move.

He watched as the colt snuck all the way across the camp, finally approaching the fillies' cabin, albeit in a roundabout way.

He stopped at the steps, pausing as if to check for guards, then turned right, creeping along the side walls and ducking into the bushes, disappearing finally from sight, presumably *into* the fillies' cabin.

Skeedaddle's ears lowered as he ground his teeth, hissing through his teeth as he leered, the disgust dripping from his tongue as he whispered. "*You sleazy little fuck...*"

To Be Continued